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The Auburn High School

STAR

Edited and Published

by the

Senior Class of 1912

To
Professor P. W. Kiser
whose loyal support has been
of great assistance in the
publication of this book
we, the class of
nineteen-twelve,
dedicate this Annual

FAC VLTY

SUPT. J. A. LANGSTON

MARY A. MULVEY
University of Michigan
Science

HERBERT KIMMEL
Ph. M., University of Chicago
Principal and Mathematics

LULU BATEMAN
Earlham College
English

MAUDE ARMSTRONG
Michigan State Normal College
1904
Latin and German

PERRY W. KISER
Indiana State Normal School, 1911
History

AGNES JEFFREY
Chicago School of Applied Arts
Music and Drawing

Poem to Faculty

To the teachers we have a few words to say,
Before we leave your care;
You have been our guides upon our way,
And have brought us to anchor here.

The way has been fraught with many a trial,
Tyrants at times you've seemed to us;
But by you we've conquered and now we smile
With satisfaction and thankfulness.

Nobly we've strived, nobly we've won,
To you the thanks are due;
And we leave the High School everyone
With pleasing memories of you.

Where honor belongs, honor should be,
Too oft the reverse is true;
And so the thanks we give to thee,
Of the class of one, nine, one, two.

Star Staff

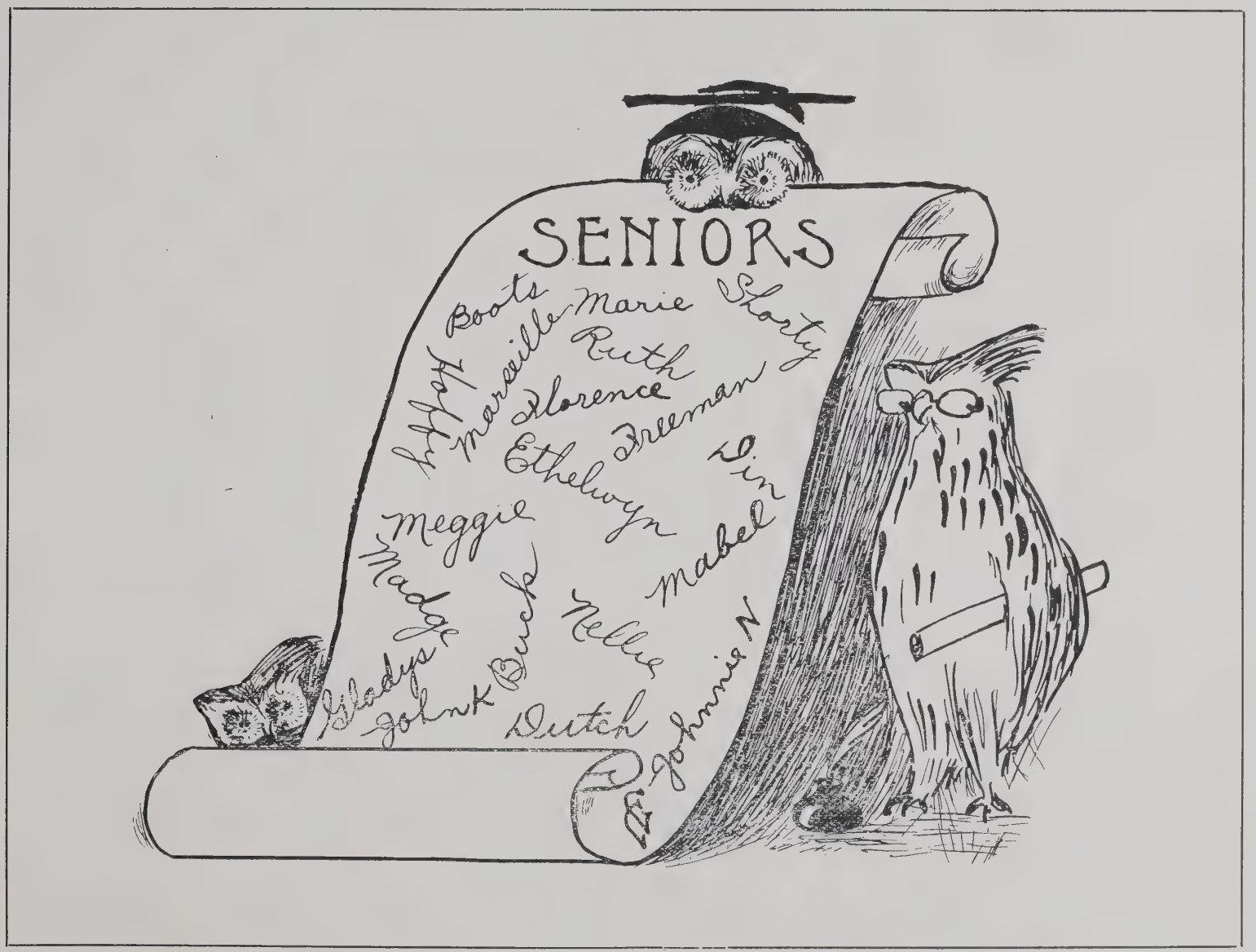
Business—Russell Grogg—Chairman
LuRoy Croy
Kirby Sprott

Editorial—Marguerette Fitch
Gladys Grim
Ruth Miller
John Kerns

Editors-in-Chief Madge Hart
Freeman Yeager
Karl Hoff
Ethelyn Rowe

Designing—Lula Heitz
Marie Bartles
Florence Berry
Nellie Leasure

Picture—Marseille Weaver
John Nugen
Mabel Lochner
Walter Buckley


SENIORS
Boots
Marie
Shorty
Marseille
Ruth
Florence
Freeman
Ethelwyn
Meggie
Madge
Mabel
Gladys
Buck
Nellie
Dutch
Johnnie N

Class Poem

Our High School life has passed away,
And forth upon the world we go;
Now comes the dawn of a new day,
A better day we hope, I know.

We started in four years ago,
September seventh was the date;
And as you reap that which you sow,
This year we graduate.

The sad part of our years at school,
Is some have left their place;
But this seems the universal rule,
That some stand not the pace.

Our High School life has not been one
Of books, and toil, and grind;
With these we've mixed a little fun,
And left dull care behind.

We know the world owes us a living,
The truth of this we do not test;
But it will not pay without our giving
Something in turn for this behest.

And we intend to do our part
In this, our coming power;
And as we work, the stouter the heart,
The fairer seems the flower.

Some think to them chance will appear,
Like a young lover wooing;
But as to this we justly fear
We will be up and doing.

And thus the battles of our time
We thereby hope to win;
We can't catch fish upon our line
Before it is cast in.

Now comes the time when we must choose
Our place for future life;
It's left to us to win or lose
In this, our coming strife.

One must make good this age, you know,
Before one makes his mark;
But we'll not let this enter though,
To swamp our new launched bark.

We will get nearer every day,
Toward our cherished aim;
Surmount all hindrance in the way,
And get there just the same.

For it will come, yes, none the less,
The success for which we delve;
Then we'll give three cheers for the A. H. S.,
And the class of nineteen-twelve.

Senior Class Organization

President—Russel Grogg

Vice-President—Lulu Heitz

Secretary—Freeman Yeager

Treasurer—Marie Bartles

Class Colors

Old Rose and Steel Grey

Class Flower

White Rose Eud

RUSSEL GROGG

Class Motto: Not Evening But Dawn

CLASS YELL

Alla-nacka! Alla-nacka! Zip, Boom, Bah!
Chickadee! Chickadee! Hip, Hip, Hah!
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Bif, Baf, Belve!
Seniors, Seniors, nineteen twelve.

LULA IRENE HEITZ

A. H. S. A. A., Vice Pres. of Class, (2) (4).

We wondered why "Shorty" kept so white,
Till the powder rag hove into sight.

FREEMAN C. YEAGER

A. H. S. A. A. (4), Class Sec. (4).

Freeman Yeager's the boy you see,
And quite a ladies' man is he.

HARRIETT MARIE BARTLES

Class Treasurer (4).

Marie, the secretary of the class,
Is a jolly, happy, and winsome lass.

KIRBY L. SPROTT

A. H. S. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Football (1) (2) (3) (4), Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4), Pres. of Class (2) (4), Pres. A. H. S. A. A. (4), Boys' Glee Club (3), Capt. Football (4).

This is Kirby, or "Boots" Sprott,
Who was Miss Baxter's choice of the lot.

MARGUERETTE LOUISE FITCH

Girls' Glee Club (2) (3), Class Sec. (2) (3), Historian (1).

"Meggie" Fitch, so like a dove
Wants a good definition of love.

HAZEL MADGE HART

Class Treas. (2), B. B. (2), A. H. S. A. A. (2), Glee Club (2) (3).

The girl in the picture is Madge Hart,
Whose books and she are far apart.

RUTH THELMA MILLER

Vice Pres. of '12 Girls (4).

Ruth Miller, who came at the first
of the year,
An angel to "Beaty" did appear.

MARSEILLE OPAL WEAVER

Sec'y of '12 Girls (4), Glee Club (2) (3).

Marseille Weaver is the next:
With Prof. Kimmel she's often
vexed.

MABEL FRANCES LOCHNER

A. H. S. A. A. (2) (3), Basket-ball (2) (3), Pres. of B. B. (3), Pres. of '12 Girls (4), Girls' Glee Club (2) (3).

Mabel Lochner the next you view;
She likes Geometry, and Nugen,
too.

LuRoy Croy

A. H. S. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Base-ball (3) (4), Football (4).

14. "Dutch" Croy, so gallant and tall.
Generally makes a hit with them all.

Florence Olive Berry

A. H. S. A. A. (2) Basket-ball (2), Glee Club (3).

8. Florence Berry, so meek and quiet,
But "still water runs deep," you can't deny it.

Karl W. Hoff

A. H. S. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Vice Pres (3).

12. Karl Hoff was the star in chemistry,
But he's losing his luminosity.

JOHN A. KERNS

A. H. S. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4) Football (4), Historian (2) (3) Baseball (4).

John Kerns is the one you see;
We wonder who his love can be.

NELLIE V. LEASURE

Treas. of '12 Girls (4).

Although Nellie seems quite tame,
She likes Yeager just the same.

GLADYS M GRIM

A. H. S. A. A. (2) (3), Vice Pres. A. H. S. A. A. (3), Girls' Glee Club (2) (3), Historian (4).

Gladys Grim, so fair to view;
She has a beau, we wonder who.

ETHELYN BEULAH ROWE

Glee Club (3).

"Ethel" Rowe is quite the kid;
She's a genius, but keeps it hid.

JOHN NUGEN

Baseball (2). Class Pres. (3). Football (4).

"Johnie" Nugen is this lad;
When it comes to girls he's got it bad.

WALTER BUCKLEY

A. H. S. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Baseball (2) (4).

Walter Buckley, the next in line,
Who always believes in being on time.

Theses of Seniors of 1912

Russell Grogg	Concrete as a Building Material
John Kerns	Radium and its Uses
Freeman C. Yeager	Mormonism in the United States
Walter Buckley	The Erie Canal Today
Marie Bartles	Luther Burbank
Mabel Lochner	The Greatest Piano Teacher in the World, Theodore Leschetizky
Marseille Weaver	The Pyramids
Marguerette Fitch	The Modern Rural Home
Madge Hart	A Story of the Battleship, Maine
Florence Berry	"Hull House"
Ethelyn Rowe	Martin Luther
Ruth Miller	The Passion Play
Lula Heitz	The Founder of Modern Pedaagogy
Nellie Leasure	Humanism in America
Gladys Grim	Christianity a Force in History
Kirby L. Sprott	Athletics
Karl Hoff	The Panama Canal
LuRoy Croy	Bridge Construction

Will of Senior Class

Last Will and Testament of the Seniors of the Auburn High School:

We give, bequeath, and devise our estate and property, as follows: that is to say that,

We, the Seniors of the Auburn High School, being in sound mind and body, make this, our last Will and Testament. We give, devise, and bequeath our estate, real and personal, as follows: that is to say:

To the Junior class we, said Seniors, leave the first three rows of seats; said seats situated in west side of room No. 3, said room located in the south-west corner of the down-stairs portion of the High School building, and if above seats should prove inadequate, we give the Juniors power to seize as many more as may be needed at the expense of the class beneath them. We likewise leave to them the benefit of our noble example. May they profit by it.

To the Sophomores we have nothing to leave; indeed it was not until we reflected on the time we had spent in this High School that we became conscious of their presence, such as has been the commendable action toward us and the school.

To the present Freshman class we leave our forgiveness for the many slights and impositions to which we, because of our exalted position, were forced to submit, and before we leave them we would enforce upon their minds that they are no longer gay, giddy, Freshmen, but soon will be Sophomores and must conduct themselves accordingly.

To the class that is soon to become Freshmen, we grant the privilege of roaming and ransacking the country in the guise of Botany students. We give them the right to trespass on any and all grounds and do anything to further their science, short of actions detrimental to the public health and safety.

To Ben Shook, treasurer of the Junior class, we, said Seniors, leave that office of trust of keeping Abraham Lincoln's whiskers shaved. May he remain faithful to that office.

To Walter Shugars, member of before mentioned Junior class, we, aforesaid Seniors, give an alarm clock, guaranteed to wake him in time for each and every recitation.

To Frank Albright, member of Sophomore class, we, said Seniors, leave directions on "Best Way to Distill Water," said knowledge acquired from said directions to be used in connection with his Pharmacy work.

To the future Physics class we, said Seniors, leave two experiment days per week and the privilege of enjoying fudge parties during same, and choosing one of their number to distribute said fudge. And, also, we leave them the privilege of using the electric machine and warn them not to be shocked at anything it does.

To the future Chemistry class we, aforesaid Seniors, leave all our apparatus, said apparatus consisting of three broken beakers, one test-tube cleaner, one foot of glass tubing, one wornout alcohol lamp. We also leave them, as a token of our esteem, a recipe for making hydrogen sulphide, and our prayers go with them.

We appoint Supt. J. A. Langston executor of this, our last Will. In witness thereof, we have signed and sealed and published and declared this instrument as our will at the public High School on May 24, 1912.

SENIORS. (Seal.)

The said Seniors at said public High School on said date signed and sealed this instrument and published and declared the same as and for their last will in our presence and in the presence of each other we have hereunto written our names as subscribing witnesses.

PROF. KIMMEL,
PROF. KISER,
MISS MULVEY.

Senior Class History

Sept. 9, '08, thirty-four (34) timid Freshmen assembled in the west room of the High School building. This was not an unusually large class, but they soon showed that "Quantity does not always make quality." Many of these pupils were from the country and strangers both to their surroundings and fellow-classmates and to add to our trials, the class of '09 was placed in the same room. At first they were regarded by us with awe and reverence, but assisted by the kindly nods and friendly greetings of these upper classmen we soon felt ourselves a part of the A. H. S. and many were the friendships formed with this class that will not soon be forgotten. Thus after a year of hard work, yet mixed with pleasant events, we were glad to welcome a vacation.

The summer vacation rolled round and in what seemed a very short time we again assembled as a class, this time in the east room, not as Freshmen, but as Sophomores. Several faces were missing from our ranks for which we were very sorry, but each one began the year determined to do his best. This year we had as our neighbors the Freshman class. During the year we had one debate, in which we won. The social life was more developed this year than it had been the first year, as we were allowed to organize. We elected as our president Harry Schule, who proved indeed worthy of the trust given him. We had two parties during the year, one of which was a sleigh ride. Both were happy events.

When school opened in '11 it found us in our places again, this time as juniors. This year we again had as our neighbors the Seniors. We began the year by organizing. Our president was John Nugen. In November we gave a Hallowe'en party, which relieved the monotony of school work. Valentine eve we were entertained by Prof. Cobb, our English teacher, at his home on 14th St. Our lessons were heavy this year, but nevertheless we found time to plan and give the Seniors their annual banquet. This was indeed worthy of being the crowning social feature of the year. So our third year closed with every one happy.

Now comes the day when we meet to form a class for the last time. Our High School days are numbered. We, who began as Freshmen, are now Seniors. Then we were thirty-four in number, now only nineteen. This year we elected as our president Kirby Sprott, but as the work both in and out of school was very heavy for him, shortly after Christmas he asked to be allowed to resign. In his place we elected Russell Grogg. Outside of school work proper the great tasks of the year were the writing of our theses and the publication of "The Star," or annual, which we have tried hard to make a success.—Historian.

Class Prophecy

While traveling about in Europe I thought I should like to go to Spain to see the ruins of the Alhambra, of which my favorite author, Irving, had written so much. Upon arriving in Granada I set out to see the ruins and they proved even more interesting than I had dreamed. I walked thro' the Alhambra and was returning to the main entrance again when I saw a narrow and curiously carved door which I had not seen before. I walked to the door and saw beyond it a long, narrow hall and, being curious, started down the hallway.

After going a short way I came to a flight of steps. I descended these and a few steps farther I found another flight, much longer. Upon descending these I found myself in a large room, lighted by tapers, which were placed in the sides of the pillars. I saw a door at the opposite side of the room and walked toward it. I was met at the door by a footman, who led me thro' a dimly lighted hall to a large room. This room was lighted by softly shaded candles, which were placed in tall golden candlesticks. Rich rugs were on the floor and richly embroidered velvet curtains on the walls and the furniture was of the rarest wood and magnificently carved. Everything was carried out in oriental design and everywhere vast wealth was displayed. The footman led me to the opposite side of the room and, drawing aside a curtain, ushered me into a small room and said: "The Queen awaits you." I was surprised at this announcement, but soon forgot this in the new surprise that awaited me, for I was in a throne room and before me, upon the throne, sat the King and Queen and they were none other than my old classmate, Lula Heitz, and her husband, the King. Yes, Lula had reached her highest ambition and had married (a) King.

Then I asked her how she had known that I was coming. She smiled in a knowing way and said, "You see, we know everything down here that takes place in both the U. S. and Europe. This is the kingdom of Oberlin and very few people in the United States know of it." Then we talked of our school days and I asked if she knew of our classmates of the Senior. She did and told me about them. She said that after graduating from the A. H. S. John Kerns, the class poet, published a book of poems, which immediately caught the eye of the public and became very popular. Many more volumes followed this one and in an incredibly short time John found himself famous. He was the lion of the season and the center of attention in society circles.

He then went to Italy, where he stayed for some time seeking inspiration for more poems from the picturesque old ruins there. It was there he found his wife, a beautiful dark-eyed belle.

After John was appointed poet laureate, they went to England to live, but John's brilliant career was shortened by an untimely death. He was buried in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey and his widow still lives in England, mourning for her kind and illustrious husband.

Then I asked of Marguerette Fitch, who had been one of the jolliest girls of our class. She said that Marguerette had spent a number of years in traveling over Europe but had finally grown tired of this idle life and had returned to her native country.

Strange people now inhabited the city where she had

lived and she no longer felt at home, so she went to New York to live. But she felt no less lonely there and upon seeing an advertisement for a wife one day in the paper, she answered it. In due time she received an answer and her future husband came to see her, but as he had written under an assumed name she was not to know his real name until he called.

When the footman ushered the tall, slender, middle-aged man into her presence she found it was her old sweetheart, Clifton Beaty.

They were soon happily married and took up housekeeping in a flat in New York. Meggie was such a loving wife and made such a happy home that her husband, although rather wayward, never cared to wander far from her side.

Clifton had not overcome his aversion for curly hair and he succeeded in amassing a fortune by discovering a compound for taking the curl from hair, a boon to those who were afflicted like himself. His wife was a great aid in advertising this lotion, as she had developed quite a talent as a public orator.

Florence Berry was always greatly interested in settlement work and the art of caring for the sick, so I was not greatly surprised when I was told that she had gone to Chicago to become a nurse.

She worked there for a number of years and daily went among the poor, helping and cheering them by her kind words and gentle ways. She did much good in the hospital, relieving the suffering and cheered many a sufferer by her sweet songs, until she was looked upon by all as a second Florence Nightingale.

Next I inquired of Kirby Sprott, whom I remembered as being one of the illustrious members of the class of '12. I learned that after graduating from the A. H. S., Kirby, being somewhat undecided just what career to choose, finally went to New York and there obtained a job in the largest express office in that city, as he had had some experience along that line. Kirby remained in that city for about ten years and finally seeing the need of a large express office in his home town, returned and began business at home. "Boots" became one of the most distinguished business men in Auburn.

Now being successful in his business career, Kirby grew tired of his bachelor life and decided to try matrimony. Soon the marriage of Miss Bonnie Seiler and Mr. Kirby Sprott was announced. They now live in a beautiful brown stone front on West Seventh street.

After graduating Walter Buckley went south for his health and grew to like it so well there that he bought a large ranch in Texas. He is very well contented there with his many negro servants, who plant the cotton and tobacco and cultivate it. Walter now bids fair to become a great gentleman of leisure.

Mabel Lochner finished the Normal Course and taught for several years. For four years she taught German in the A. H. S., but finally grew tired of teaching and consented to become the mistress of a pretty country home not far from her former home in Jackson township. She is very happy among her chickens and flowers.

LuRoy went to Germany to finish his musical education. He studied among the old masters there for many years until they pronounced his education complete. Since then he has been traveling among the largest cities of the continents and playing in the grand operas. His name, in the line of fame, is now placed on a level with those of his teachers.

Marie taught the primary department of her own home school for a couple of years and then went to Chicago. When last heard of she was the matron of a school and home for orphans.

I picked up a newspaper that was lying on the stand and glanced thro' it for the latest news. I saw the name of Nugen in one of the news articles and as the name looked familiar I read the article. It was our old classmate, John. He had graduated from Westpoint and had received promotions until he was now Captain Nugen, of the Fifteenth regiment.

I now happened to think of another one of my former

classmates and throwing aside the paper, I enquired of Ethelyn Rowe. She had always been ambitious to become a primary teacher and it seems that she had been very successful along this line. She had gone West and had now been teaching for a number of years. She was causing new schools to be erected and was accomplishing much good in her chosen profession.

Marceille Weaver was quite undecided for some time as to what she wanted to do, but finally decided to finish her musical education. She did this and is now traveling with a concert company from the Inter-State Lyceum.

Gladys Grim had gone to San Francisco and had become a librarian in the Carnegie Library there. She found the work very congenial and stayed there for a long time. One day a tall, handsomely dressed man came into the library and presented a volume of books to the library on "Music and Music Masters." Gladys thought his face looked familiar and when he presented his card, found it was her old friend, William Gugerli. Gladys introduced herself and they renewed their acquaintance. William had made a place for himself among the musicians of the world, but although he loved his profession, he longed for a kind and loving wifie. The renewed acquaintance soon ripened into warm friendship and in a short time Gladys gave up her position as librarian to become mistress of a cozy flat for herself and William.

Russel Gregg, after graduating, worked in his father's cement works for a few years, perfecting his knowledge of the business. Seeing a chance for starting a factory of his own in the neighboring city of Garrett, he erected a large building there and began the construction of concrete things. His business became so extensive that many people were drawn to Garrett and it was thro' the direct influence of his factory that Garrett and Auburn finally became consolidated into one large city, the names of Garrett and Auburn being eliminated and Groggtown substituted.

"Din" was so engrossed in business that he lost his interest in his numerous lady friends for such a long time that when he again began to think of them he found them all married. He received the news of these marriages with a wonderfully brave heart until he learned of the marriage of Flossie Bailey, whom in his youth he had loved sincerely. This was a great blow to "Din," but as in everything else, he in time was again master of the situation and looked bravely forward to the future.

Until now he had not realized that he was indeed a true old Bachelor and that he was losing some of his youthful charms, so he began to earnestly search for a companion who would cheer his old age. Lucky for "Din," altho' forgotten by many, his "Dream Girl" still remained true, and at the age of 55 we find him starting on a happy wedding tour with this same lady whom he had dreamed of in H. S. days as his bride. She is still fresh and winsome, altho' she is nearing the age when most maiden-ladies become very unpopular, so "Din" is at last beginning to enjoy life and happiness and to plan for his "Golden age" in the future.

I then enquired of Ruth Miller, who had come to us while we were Seniors, and was told that she had passed the teachers' exam. with high honors and taught a year in the country and then was employed to teach in the High School. She received many flattering offers from neighboring towns to come and teach there, but she refused them, feeling that her home town needed her. She had taught five years when Vern Buchanan became superintendent of the High School. Needless to say he had business in her room most of the day. The outcome of their acquaintance was a matrimonial alliance, after which they both resigned and established a school for mutes, but their resignation had nearly stranded the High School, so out of patriotism for old A. H. S. they returned and will probably teach there

as long as they live.

And quiet, modest Nellie. What became of her? Oh, she became a missionary and went to Africa. She was fortunate in being located in a partly civilized colony, near the coast. After she had been there a short time she met a minister from her native country and they were married and lived in a pretty bungalow. Here they conduct schools for the heathen children and are being a blessing to these ignorant people.

During Karl Hoff's Senior year he became deeply interested in machinery. He spent a number of years in trying different inventions and finally invented an aeroplane for himself and made a few successful flights. He started across the continent to make a banner flight, but when near his destination, while sailing at full speed, the engine suddenly ceased running and the machine fell to the ground. Karl was crushed to death, but the thing for which he gave his life was shortly after made a blessing to the world and his name will live forever as one of the brave and unselfish men of modern times.

Madge Hart went from High School to college and took several years in Domestic Science. She then went West for a few years, but having completed her college course and having satisfied her longing for travel, she returned to her home in Auburn. There she consented to listen to Walter's pleading. He was anxious to please his wife and knowing how fond she was of "sweet things," he bought the Greek Palace of sweets, and, after improving it, made a fortune thro' it. They still live on Main street in one of the most imposing residences in Auburn.

Freeman Yeager went to law school. After being admitted to the bar he began practicing in St. Louis. Here he won a great name, but Yeager, being very ambitious, was not satisfied with this. He now turned to politics and in 1928 was elected president of the United States by the Republican party. He was not yet 35 years old, but the people amended the Constitution so that he might be president. For four years Freeman served his country, giving the best of his services to it. As a reward for his services he was re-elected by an entire vote of the presidential electors, the first person to be so honored since Washington. This term was begun by Yeager with vim and enthusiasm, but soon his interest began to relax. The people began to wonder what had come over their brilliant president, but soon it was known to all that while visiting in Utah he had become a Mormon. He was then a single man, having never been able to select one from his numerous loves for his wife. Now being a Mormon he could marry them all. Now is where Freeman at last finds his match. Although he was great enough to outwit learned lawyers; to handle the reins in politics, and guide the nation for four years, in each case showing a master's mind, he was unable to handle thirty wives to his own satisfaction. He soon resigned the presidency, withdrew from politics and devoted the rest of his long life to their whims and fancies. Thus we see a great and promising career checked and forever clouded by home cares and matrimonial tribulations.

We were now interrupted in our chat about old times by a little gold clock on the table striking the hour of eleven. The Queen looked troubled, started to say something to me and then hesitated. I asked her what it was she wished to say and with some hesitation she told me that if I stayed within their kingdom until the clock struck twelve I should have to stay there forever, for anyone entering the kingdom and remaining until after midnight of the day upon which they entered could never leave it. Much as she wanted me to stay, she could not keep me longer. I hastily bade the King and Queen farewell and started back, led by the footman, along the dimly lighted passage which led to the outer world. Before leaving the Queen, I gave her a small bunch of violets which I had worn, for it was the only token I had which I could leave with her, and she placed

on my hand a small ring as a token of friendship.

When the silent footman and I reached the strange door that opened into the Alhambra it seemed to swing open of its own accord and for one moment the mysterious footman stood beside me, then he bowed and almost immediately disappeared. I stepped out into the lighted room before me and rubbed my eyes to see if I had been dreaming, but no, I had not, for there was the ring still upon my hand. Voices called to me from an opposite doorway and I knew my friends were looking for me. I hastened to them but did not tell them of the strange kingdom I had found in my wanderings or the strange news I had heard.

Class Song

Best of the days in which we live
Are those that we spend in school,
Brimming with happiness, hope, and health,
Unknown to life's distress;
But these days have passed, we bid adieu,
For us there is no renewal,
Yet as we depart there is in each heart
A love for our dear High School.

Cho:

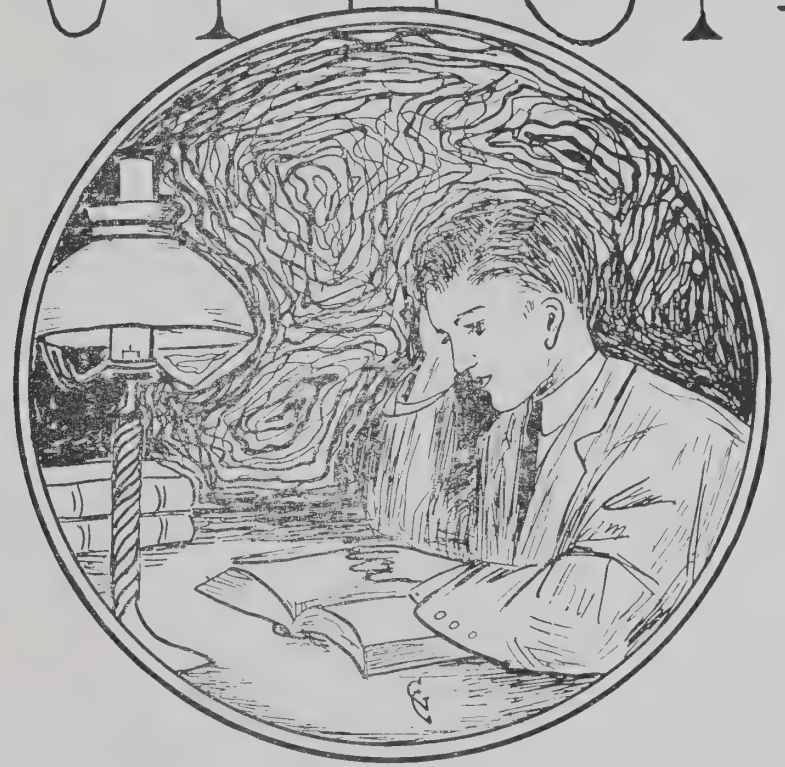
This is the class of nineteen-twelve,
Seniors of A. H. S.;
Four years together we have held,
Four years we've been a class.
Now we must bid adieu to all,
Must bid adieu, ah, yes;
Hurrah for the class of nineteen-twelve,
Hurrah for the A. H. S.

Four years ago we started in,
We then were ranked as Freshmen;
Trembling with eagerness, hope and fear,
And filled with thoughts galore.
Now these happy times for us have passed,
As a class we'll ne'er meet again;
We feel every one the race has been won,
And so we will sing once more.

Cho:

As Seniors now we're known to all,
Alumni soon to be;
And then but a remembrance will remain
Of this class so brave and true.
But dear old High School, our thoughts shall be
Forever and e'er of thee;
We ne'er will forget the pleasant days spent
And sing again e'er we go.

JVNIORS



Junior Class Organization

President, William Gugerli

Vice-President, Helen VanAuken — Secretary, Ruth Emanuel — Treasurer, Ben Shook

Ralph Huffman
Paul Cosper
John Ludwig
Ruth Emanuel
Walter Shugars
Edward Eldridge

James Schaab
Grace Carpenter
Ralph Turrill
Ida Teeters
Bruce Whetzel

Heber Sheffer
Edna Shugars
Harry Rowe
Ralph Bartles
William Gugerli
Helen VanAuken

Heber Depew
Katherine Benson
Thelma Grover
Mary Weaver
Edna Long
Arden Green

Mary Teeters
Elza Gall
Metha Shook
Ben Shook
Lawrence Barnhart

Clifton Beaty
Walter Bishop
Frank Benson
Esther Sheets
Lela Nugen
Bert Swigert

CLASS COLORS

Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER

Red Carnation

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

The class of 1913 came into existence one rainy morning in September, back in 1909.

The class was composed of fifty-four members, who came from many different schools, all over the county, and were therefore not very well acquainted; and as the teachers as well as the studies were all new, it took some time to grow accustomed to the new surroundings.

Freshmen as a rule are not expected to do much else than keep quiet and pay obeisance to upper classmen, and the class of '13 was no exception to this rule. We did nothing of note during our Freshman year except to organize the class, as a result of which Arden Green was chosen as president. We also furnished a generous amount of material for the different athletic teams. In social circles our activities were confined to two bob parties.

But the Freshmen grew. We came back to school as Sophomores the following Fall, minus about twenty of our former companions, but full of confidence and with a resolve to assert ourselves then and there. We immediately became a big factor in High School life. Not only were we a power in athletics, but we began to develop the social side of our lives and succeeded wonderfully.

But probably the greatest thing which we did as Sophomores was the publishing of the High School "Annual." It has always been the custom for the Senior class to publish the "Annual," but for certain reasons the class of 1911 did not desire to do this and it looked as if we were not to have a year-book, but here is where the class of '13 showed its worth and took upon itself the task of getting out this book, and with what success is well known.

The progress of the class during the second year was extraordinary and it can truthfully be said that this class was the most progressive of any class up to this time.

It is hardly necessary to give a history of the class during the Junior year. Their fame is already well established. We have successfully upheld our reputation for doing things this year, by publishing the "Junior," a paper that would be a credit to any class.

The class of '13 is the strongest class in High School in athletics this year, having defeated all the other classes combined in football and furnishing about half of the players for the Baseball Team.

SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Organization

President, Harry Wilson

Vice-President, Helen L. McIntyre — Secretary, Clarice Miller — Treasurer, Dale Green

Ismay Ranney
Elmer Deetz
Paul Rudolph
Frank Farley
Albert Witt
Grenivere Walter
Helen L. McIntyre

Wilbur Dilgard
Harry Wilson
Mabel Clark
Ruth Bishop
Agnes Hinsey
Ralph Clark

Martha Ludwig
Frank Albright
Dale Green
Marie King
Frank Carper
Paul Whetzel
Roy Harding

Marie Hoff
Carl Bauer
Glen Fulks
Opha Snyder
Rachel Provines
Earl Pfaff
Alma Martin

Chester Harner
Hugh Carper
Nellie Ashleman
Walter Dawson
Mabel Townley
George Thomas

Jay Shellhouse
Ailene Johnson
Earl Geisinger
Clarice Miller
Forrest Kessler
Marie Thomas
Cecil Furnish

CLASS COLORS
Irish Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER
White Rose Bud

MOTTO
"Now, Spelled Backwards Means Success."

Scphomore Class

Sophomore History

Class '14 started out with an enrollment of seventy. Think of it! the larges class the A. H. S. had ever known, but, as is always the case, not all remained and after an uneventful year, our class harbored only fifty-nine.

I said uneventful, and it was that, as far as parties and social life were concerned, but being in High School was quite a thing of itself and the taking up of new studies was something even more strange.

We had only one class meeting, when the following officers were elected:

Frank Carper, President; William Damman, Vice President; Marie King, Secretary, and Helen McIntyre, Treasurer.

As Freshmen our class showed itself studious and very much interested in High School affairs.

When we met last Fall we discovered the loss of many classmates, also the presence of three new teachers. This year work has been very successful and we have heard that the teachers consider ours the most diligent class in High School, which praise certainly makes up for the loss of the social "stunts" we have not had. H. Mc.

FRESHMEN

Freshman Class Roll

Marguerite Able.
Ward Bailey.
Ruth Baxter.
Herbert Beidler.
Paul Bishop.
Floyd Boren.
Charles Brandon.
Lucile Buchtel.
Jay Bunge.
Charles Campbell.
Mary Clark.
Lillian Kramer.
Nellie Culbertson.
Bernice Damman.
Howard Dirrim.
Frank Douglass.
George Eckhart.
Francis Farley.
Viola Frederick.
Lucille Hebel.
Elizabeth Hodge.

Elizabeth Lumm.
Arno McConnell.
Dorothy McCord.
Pauline Moffet.
George Musser.
Estella Nelson.
Frank Nugen.
Ola Hood.
Tessa Howard.
Pauline Kail.
Karl Kutzner.
Lillian Leasure.
Don Lochner.
Cletus Noirot.

Pauline Weaver.
Ursell McNabb.
Gladys Miller.
Blanche Miser.
Wayne Weaver.
Glen Wetzel.
Glen Winebrenner.
Walter Wineland.
Violet Springer.
Ralph Tarney.
Ruth Teeters.
Winfred Thomas.
Charles Thornburg.
Georgia VanFliet.
Wilbur Walters.
Virginia Wartenbee.
Gladys Osburn.
Jean Potter.
Pauline Quince.
Henderson Richey.
Mabel Rinehold.
Helen Schaab.
LeRoy Schlink.
Olive Scofield.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

The Freshman class of 1911-12 had seventy-five (75) members when it entered High School on September 4th. This is the largest class that has ever been enrolled in the High School. The class now numbers fifty-nine (59), some having left after the first examination. No new names were added after the first two months.

The class was divided into two sections. We found the work very different from that of the Grades and it took several months for us to become accustomed to it.

From those whose grades made them eligible for office the following were chosen as class officers:

President—Charles Brandon.

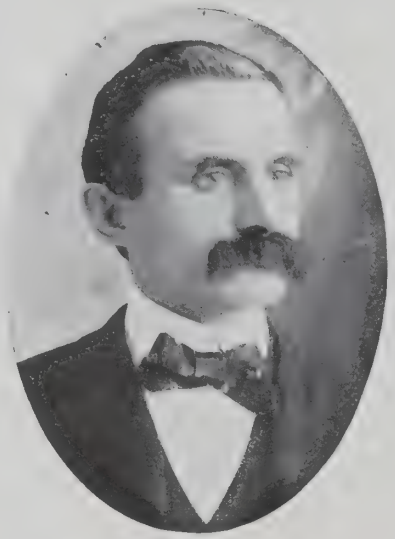
Vice President—Mable Rinehold.

Secretary—Herbert Beidler.

Treasurer—Glen Winebrenner.

H. S.

"Bill" Morr
The Loyal Friend of the A. H. S.



J. A. McIntyre, Secretary

M. Boland, President

Fred W. Knott, Treasurer

Course of Study

Mathematics.

Mathematics is the most practical branch of study in the High School course. For that reason it is required the entire four years. Wentworth's Algebra and Geometry are used in the first three years and Moore & Miner's Business Arithmetic in the fourth year.

Freshmen—Algebra to Quadratic Equations.

Sophomores—Plane Geometry.

Juniors—Solid Geometry (first half). Algebra from Quadratic Equations (second half).

Seniors—Algebra from Quadratic Equations (first half). Commercial Arithmetic (second half).

Science.

Under the branch of Science, Chemistry, Physics and Botany are the essential studies.

Chemistry—Two double periods and recitation periods per week are arranged for in Chemistry. The Laboratory is fully equipped so that individual work may be done. A Chemistry note book is kept by each member of the class, which contains a record of each experiment.

Physics—Recitation and class work occupy four days of the week and a double period is given for experimental and laboratory work. Physics note books are kept by each member which contain the record of the experiments performed.

Botany—Botany is taught in the first year. It is a study of plant life and structure and use of the flower, leaf and stem and roots of the flowering plants. The work in the spring months consists chiefly of flowering plants.

History.

Myer's Ancient History is taught in the second year. It deals with the civilization of Assyria, Egypt, Babylonia, Greece and Rome. Special attention is given to the wars in Greece and Rome, and to the conquests of the most important personages, such as Hannibal, Alexander and Caesar. The Ancient History terminates with the fall of Rome in 476 A. D.

Third Year History.

Mediaeval History begins with the fall of Rome and extends up to the discovery of the new world. Special attention is given to the conquests of Charlemagne, the Crusades, Feudalism and that period of history known as the Reformation and French Revolution.

Fourth Year History.

United States History and Civics are taught in the fourth year. First the U. S. History is studied and much attention is given to the formation of the colonies. At the point where the Constitution is made, then the study of Civics is taken up and studied alternately with History. Much attention is given to the causes and results of the various wars.

German.

Students of the A. H. S. have not had the privilege of obtaining a two years' course in German. German is taught in the fourth year only. A mastery of this language cannot be obtained in the one year's work, but a knowledge of its construction enables them to appreciate the literature. The first part of the year's work is made up of construction work, simple translations and vocabulary drill. In the second part of the year the study of the classic, "Immensee," is taught, which gives the pupil an idea of the beauty and fluency of the German language.

Latin.

Second Year.

Home Reading: Ancient Mariner, Coleridge; Vision of Sir Launfal, Lowell; Lady of the Lake, Scott; Elegy, Grey; Deserted Village, Goldsmith; Suggestion, Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Princess, Tennyson.

Third Year.

Washington's Farewell Address, Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.

Home Reading: House of Seven Gables, Hawthorne; Franklin's Autobiography.

Suggestions: Last of Mohicans, Cooper; American Scholar, Self-Reliance, Compensation, Emerson; Chambered Nautilus, Holmes; Speech in Independence Hall and at Gettysburg, Lincoln; Masque of the Red Death—Telltale Heart, Goldburg; Descent into Maelstrom, Poe.

Fourth Year.

Macbeth, Shakespeare; L'Allegro and Ill Penseroso—Comus, Milton; Essay on Burns, Carlyle.

Home Reading: Lays of Ancient Rome, McCaulay; So-

The course of Latin is required in the first three years only. The course is as follows:

Latin I. A Latin lesson book which consists in the training of pronunciation, vocabulary drill, construction work and translations.

Latin II. This course consists of the reading first four books of Caesar's Galic War in connection with Part I of D'Ooge's Latin Prose—which is used throughout the year.

Latin III. Cicero's Oration for the poet Archias and the four orations against Cataline, in addition with Part II of D'Ooge's Prose and construction work constitute the work in this year of Latin.

English.

English is a very important study and is required the four years of the A. H. S. course.

English I. The first year's work consists of a general review of Grammar and composition work. This is carried on with the classics, which are taken from the college entrance requirements. They are as follows: Sketch-book—Irving, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Courtship of M. Standish, Longfellow; Snowbound, Whittier. Suggestions, Christmas Carol, Dickens.

haab and Rustum, Arnold; Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare; Ivanhoe, Scott; Silas Marner, Eliot; Sir Roger de Coverly, Papers in the Spectator.

Suggestions: Falrie Queen, Spencer; Canterbury Tales, Chaucer; Selections from Old Testament, Life of Johnson, McCaulay, Conciliation with A. Col. Burke. Homer's Iliad, Pope.

Music and Drawing.

For the past few years music has been an essential of the H. S. course. It is taught in the first year. Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs have been organized. An orchestra has also been organized, which is the best in this part of the State. Drawing is also a first year study.

MUSIC AND DRAWING

Girl's Glee Club

Boy's Glee Club

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

BASEBALL

History of Athletics

Athletics in the Auburn High School have, the past years, been a leading organization of the school. It has recognized football, basket-ball, baseball and track meets as the principal athletics of contests. Football has been the most successful in honor of win teams, although in the past two years our Baseball Team has not been defeated and a promise of the same result this year. The years of 1906-07 and '10 have been the strongest years the school has known. Track meets were practiced and most successful in the former years and basket-ball the latter.

We have been organized for the past fifteen years as a High School Athletic Association, and realizing the value of the State Association, we joined it about five years ago, this giving us stronger opponents than the teams of former years.

This year we found ourselves too weak to qualify with the State's, and the faculty's restriction of physical tests and indebtedness and we were forced to withdraw from the gridiron and basket-ball. Baseball is the promising game of this season, because of its previous records and interest it has given the school. Soccer and track meets were strongly argued, but for lack of support they were dropped until future years.

OFFICERS.

Kirby L. Sprott, President.
Russel Grogg, Vice President.
Mary Weaver, Secretary.
J. A. Langston, Treasurer.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Kirby Sprott.
J. A. McIntyre, S. B.
Fred Knott, S. B.
M. Boland, S. B.
J. A. Langston.
Walter Bishop.

CAPTAINS.

Football—Kirby Sprott.
Baseball—Walter Shugars, 1912.
Baseball—George Weaver, 1911.
Basket-ball (girls)—Mabel Lochner.
Basket-ball (boys)—Russel Grogg.

MANAGERS.

Football—H. Kimmel.
Baseball—J. A. Langston.
Baseball (1911)—H. Kimmel.
Basket-ball (girls)—Lula Bateman.
Basket-ball (boys)—H. Kimmel.

Last Year's Baseball Team

Williams, Catcher.
Weaver, Capt.; H. Grogg, Pitchers.
R. Grogg, Shortstop.
D. Croy, 1st Base.
H. Grogg, Weaver, 2nd Base.
Shugars, 3rd Base.
Turrill, Left Field.
L. Croy, Center Field.
Bishop, Right Field.
Subs., Sprott, Dancer.

Football

Football for the season of 1911-12 was limited to interclass games. The Freshmen and eighth grade had several interesting games and developed material for next year. The principal contests were between the Juniors and All High School. They were hard-played games and showed excellent material for a football squad. Juniors, being more experienced, outplayed the High School in many respects. They were very interesting contests, but only appreciated by a few. The strict qualification of the State Association and faculty permitted no contest between our old rival, Defiance. Next year it is hoped to develop one of the strongest teams in northern Indiana.

High School.

Frank Farley, Sub.
Kirby Sprott, L. H. B. (Capt.)
Frank Galnour, F. B.
Carl Kutzner, R. H. B.
Winfred Thomas, Q. B.
John Kerns, L. E.
Jay Bunge, L. T.
John Nugen, L. G.
Fred Funk, C.
LeRoy Schlink, R. G.
Floyd Boren, R. G.
Wilbur Walter, R. T.
LeRoy Croy, R. E.

Football Team (This Year.)

Barnhart, Croy—Right End.
Gall, Bunge—Right Tackle.
Cosper, Nugen, Shull—Right Guard.
Sweigert, Funk—Center.
Huffman, Boren, Schlink—Left Guard.
Gugerli, Walters—Left Tackle.
Beaty, Kerns—Left End.
Bishop, Thomas—Quarter.
Turrill, Sprott, Kutzner—Right Half Back.
Wetzell, Sprott, Galnour—Full Back.
Shugars, Farley, Kutzner—Left Half Back.

Toast to Athletics

Fill to the brim your cups again,
  And pass the word along;
We're tired of this needless din,
  We're tired of this song.
But here's a toast we'll all agree
  Is worthy of our wine;
"For sports that are all fair and free,
  This High School every time."
This fairness that to all we show,
  The cleanliness of our school,
Is not the case where'er we go,
  But the exception to the rule.
Not how many victories we've gained,
  How many laurels won,
How many other schools we've tamed,
  But rather how it was done.
For if a game cannot be won
  Without brute force to wield,
Then that game is the very one
  We lose upon that field.
Our motto then is this, "Clean sport,
  Give everyone his due,
And to brute force we'll not resort
  To pull a victory through."
Fill to the brim your cup again
  And each pass the word back
And to this toast our cups we'll drain:
  "This High School square in every act."

AHS
ALUMNI

Our Alumni

Class of 1880.

J. F. McDowell, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1883.

Bert Robbins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Henry McIntosh (deceased).
George W. McKay, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1884.

Amy Peterson, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Francess Otto, Menominee, Wis.

Class of 1885.

Edward Casebeer, Chicago, Ill.
Oliver Ensley, Indianapolis, Ind.
Lucie Hatch Kurrens, Terre Haute, Ind.
Ella McIntosh Braun, Auburn, Ind.
Anna Teeters Hoffman, Los Angeles, Cal
Josiah Teeters, Weiser, Idaho.
John Zimmerman, Auburn, Ind

Class of 1886.

Florence Hollopeter Teeters, Weiser, Idaho.
George King, Auburn, Ind.
Molly Murphy Rose, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Nannie Peterson West, Auburn, Ind.
Alza Ralston Scott (deceased).
Edward Rainier (deceased).

Class of 1887.

K. Blanche Peterson Hoffman (deceased).
Alda V. Shaffer Abel, Auburn, Ind.
A. L. Kuhlman, Col. I. N. G., Auburn, Ind.
Lena Korff Hilgeman, Chicago, Ill.
Addie Beck (deceased).
Josephine K. Ashley Rolapp, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1888.

Julia Mott Hodge, Kirkwood, Mo.
Lydia Teeters, Auburn, Ind.
Mable Hartman Hodge, Seattle, Wash.
Mattie Till Hetterbaugh, Evansville, Ind.
Eliza Finch Watson, Mason City, Ill.
Mary Teeters Mountz, Garrett, Ind.
Ida Wile Wilson, Auburn, Ind.
Frank Davenport (deceased).

Class of 1889.

Theresa Ashley, Auburn, Ind.
Stella Hague, A. B., Ind., M. S., Chic., Urbana, Ill.
John Morrill, Wolcottville, Ind.
Della Weaver Koons, Sterling, Ill
Callie Williams (deceased).

Class of 1890.

Carrie Ensley Feagler, Montpelier, Ohio.
Della Shugers Leedy, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lucy Otto Scott, Indianapolis, Ind.
Hattie Shearer Pilgrim, Avilla, Ind.

Class of 1891.

Nellie Buckley, Auburn, Ind.
Wilson Feagler, Auburn, Ind.
Charles Hague, Rochester, N. Y.
Gertrude Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Walter Hartman, Detroit, Mich.
Daniel Link, Auburn, Ind.
Oliver Buss, Chicago, Ill.

Class of 1892.

Lila Baker Elson, Bowling Green, Ohio.
Nettie Willis Eckhart, Los Angeles, Cal.
Stella Tarney, Anderson, Ind.
Maggie Buckley McTighe, Memphis, Tenn.

Class of 1893.

Willard Swartz, M. D., Auburn, Ind.
Ira Thrush, Auburn, Ind.
Claude Benedict, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Eliza Fretz, Los Angeles, Cal.
Carry Shull Wert, Corunna, Ind.
Alice Shull Leyda, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Carrie Beuret, Auburn, Ind.
Saloma Thomas, Auburn, Ind.
R. Mildred Kline Olds, Lagrange, Ind.
Nellie Barnes Hartman, Detroit, Mich.
Charles Clark, M. D., Auburn Jct., Ind.

Class of 1894.

Jessie Boland Eckhart (deceased).
George Boland, Auburn, Ind.
Clara Stafford Ashelman, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1895.

Marie Bishop Beidler, Auburn, Ind.
Elsie Caruth Staman, Auburn, Ind.
Lester Feagler, Auburn, Ind.
Nellie Gilbert.
Mae Rose Atkinson, Auburn, Ind.
Joseph Tarney, A. B., Ind., Ph. D., Col., New York City.
Mae Hamilton Hoffman, Syracuse, N. Y.

Class of 1896.

Mary Baxter, A. B., DePauw, Auburn, Ind.
Bertha Blaney Elson, Garrett, Ind.
Dora Bowen Rohm, Auburn, Ind.
Clyde Grogg, Auburn, Ind.
Henry Harris, Auburn Jct., Ind.
Effie Hines Geisinger, Auburn, Ind.
Karl Husselman, Auburn, Ind.
Pauline Rose Beugnot, Auburn, Ind.
Iona Shaffer Gramling, Auburn, Ind.
James Simons, Logansport, Ind.

Class of 1897.

Mae Carnahan Miller, Auburn, Ind.
Essie Clark Cobler, Auburn, Ind.
Katy Cool, Toledo, Ohio.
Paul Davenport, Duluth, Minn.
E. O. Little, Auburn, Ind.
Nettie Hull Henn, Bingham, Utah.
Mae Provines Moore, Spokane, Wash.
George Rugman, Auburn, Ind.
Maude Trover Lawrence, Chicago, Ill.
Mina VanAuken Loveland.

Class of 1898.

Gertrude Caruth Little, Auburn, Ind.
Ida Harris Berg, Auburn, Ind.
Glen Henderson, Woodburn, Ind.
Minnie Hoff, Auburn, Ind.
Frank Nelson, Auburn, Ind.
Perry Provines, Auburn, Ind.
Scott Rhodes, Auburn, Ind.
Charles Schaab, Cairo, Ill.
Frank Walters, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Class of 1899.

Marguerite Wimer Brown, Auburn, Ind.
Maude Link, Sioux City, Ia.
Dean Metcalf, M. D., Marquette, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Pearl Heabler.
Gladys Fitch, Auburn, Ind.
Mae Welsh Boney, Auburn, Ind.
Ida George Nagel, Auburn, Ind.
Grace Rush Ferguson, Auburn, Ind.
Frank Baxter (deceased).

Class of 1900.

Charles O. Borst, B. L., Mich., Auburn, Ind.
Nellie Ober, Auburn, Ind.
Joe Miller, Cleveland, Ohio.
Blaine Harrison, Chicago, Ill.
Jarl Sprott, Chicago, Ill.

Class of 1901.

Carrie VanAuken Bryant, Boceman, Mont.
Lizzie Snell Ashelman, Auburn, Ind.
Laura Rose, Auburn, Ind.
Nellie Harding, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ida Bottenburg McLeod, Garrett, Ind.
Roy Husselman, Pittsburg, Pa.
George Baxter, M. E., Purdue, Indianapolis, Ind.
Alvie Link, Auburn, Ind.
Aileen Garwood, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Lulu Miller, Cleveland, Ohio.
Emma Hoff, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1902.

Delia Richards, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Sadie Houston, Auburn, Ind.
Elizabeth Zimmerman, Auburn, Ind.
Rosalind Baxter McDowell, Auburn, Ind.
Zoe Conrad Davenport, Auburn, Ind.
Blaine Otto, Silver City, N. M.
Will Cuppy, Chicago, Ill.
Anna Pfaff Shellhouse, Jackson, Mich.
Earl Ensley, Indianapolis, Ind.
Etta Smurr Provines, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1903.

Ida Walsworth Hartman (deceased).
Percy Close (deceased).
Edith Trout, A. B., DePauw, Bluffton, Ind.
Kathrine Kiblinger Buckley, Peru, Ind.
Bernice Murphy Scudder, Fishers, Ind.
Hubert Hartman, B. L., Mich., Auburn, Ind.
Julia Miller, Cleveland, Ohio.
Vera Warrick Sibert, Auburn, Ind.
Leah Little, Auburn, Ind.
Vera Wise Warrick, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1904.

Ruth Keeran Mayfield, Auburn, Ind.
Jessie Trowbridge Hilke, Auburn, Ind.
Dorcas Provines Sherer, Auburn, Ind.
Lulu Bateman, Auburn, Ind.
Lona Krum, Wolcottville, Ind.
Dottie Swanders, South Haven, Mich.
Joy Shutt, Harlan, Ind.
Floride Lackey, Beacon, Mich.
Zoe Gibford Sibert, Auburn, Ind.
Doris Grogg (deceased).
Clara Feagler Brandon, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1905.

Jesse O. Shull, Ventura, Cal.,
Rosamond McIntyre, Auburn, Ind.
Ray Thomas, Auburn, Ind.
Druie Baker, Auburn, Ind.
Harry Casebeer, Auburn, Ind.
Bessie Kinsey, Auburn, Ind.
Dorsey Hines, M. D., Auburn, Ind.
Maude Harrison, Chicago, Ill.
Guy West, Syracuse, N. Y.
Anna Dunnebarger, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1906.

Ilif Brown Crane, Toledo, Ohio.
Hattie Baxter, Auburn, Ind.
George Emanuel, Chicago, Ill.
Burgess Fitch, R. S., Purdue, Manhattan, Kan.
Grace Goetchius Close, Auburn, Ind.
Grace Hines, Auburn, Ind.
Sylvia Hollabaugh, Ginther.
Hazel Platter, Auburn, Ind.
Leo Scott, B. S., Mich. Ag., Riverside, Cal.

Class of 1907.

Leroy McDermott, Auburn, Ind.
Albert Hoffman, Sioux City, Iowa.
Waldo Sieler, Streetor, Ill.
Lavina Pfaff, Auburn, Ind.
Don Sprott, Auburn, Ind.
George Coe, Auburn, Ind.
William Hebel, Indiana University, Bloomington.
Russell S. Rakestraw, DePaw.
Chalmer Weaver, Indianapolis, Ind.
Jennie Lung, Toledo, Ohio.
Ward Yesbera, Auburn, Ind.
Oak Husselman, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1908.

Jessie Aber, Auburn, Ind.
Chas. Emme, Indiana University, Indianapolis.
Rolland Fitch, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Jay Goetchius, Auburn, Ind.
Myrtle Hornberger, Auburn, Ind.
Ira Hoffman, Purdue.
Walter Harris, Auburn, Ind.
Blanche Marvin, F. W. B. C., Auburn, Ind.
Viola May (Coe) Auburn, Ind.
William McIntyre, Sedan, Ind.
Dorcie Nugen, Auburn, Ind.
Edith Provines, Auburn, Ind.
Jesse Provines, Auburn, Ind.
Edna Provines, Auburn, Ind.
Lida Pfaff, Auburn, Ind.
John Rugman, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Marie Thrush, Huntertown, Ind.
Alida Walters, Auburn, Ind.
Victor Walker, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1909.

Jesse Fleming, Auburn, Ind.
Paul Swisher, Streator, Ill.
Fred Shearer, Ann Arbor, Auburn, Ind.
Ruby Seydell, Auburn, Ind.
Donna VanAuken, Chicago, Ill.
Ralph Refner, Chicago, Ill.
Merritt Brandon, Brainerd, Minn.
Hershel Fitch, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Gertrude Renner, Auburn, Ind.
Leon Barnhart, Auburn, Ind.
Harry McIntyre, Auburn, Ind.
Grace Conrad, Auburn, Ind.
Amos Adams, Columbus, Ohio.
Faith Hines, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1910.

Winthrop Ketcham, Un. of Mich., Auburn, Ind.
Helen Patterson, Indiana, St. Joe, Ind.
Faust Johnson, Auburn, Ind.
Florence Morrill, Muskegon, Mich.
Clayton Weaver, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Arthur Rakestraw, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Naomi Brady, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.
Pierre Glenn Potter, Auburn, Ind.
Helen Fitch, Auburn, Ind.
John Kent Leasure, Auburn, Ind.
Inez Magginis, Teacher, Newville, Ind.
Frank Shepard, Un. of Mich., Michigan City, Ind.
William Raymond Ludwig, Auburn, Ind.
Hazel Quince, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.
Albert DeLapp, Hillsdale, Auburn, Ind.
Edgar Roy Maxwell, Teacher, St. Joe, Ind.

Class of 1911.

Iliff Hursh, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Marie Fitch, Auburn, Ind.
Harvey Williams, Garrett, Ind.
Philip Cool, Auburn, Ind.
Pearl St. Clair, Auburn, Ind.
Vern Buchanan, Un. of Wis., Auburn, Ind.
Russell Sheets, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Ford Wyatt, Auburn, Ind.
Bonnie Seiler, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.
Nellie Zimmerman, Auburn, Ind.
George Weaver, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Dalton Croy, Purdue, Auburn, Ind.
Sadie Grube, Auburn, Ind.
Ruth Smurr, Auburn, Ind.
Donald Schaab, Auburn, Ind.
Calvin Ludwig, L. B. C., Auburn, Ind.
Elsie Farver, Auburn, Ind.
Louise Kuckuck, Auburn, Ind.
Earl Coe, Wesleyan Un., Auburn, Ind.

Rev. Fred F. Thornburg

Commencement Exercises

Held at Henry's Opera House, Friday Evening, May 24, 1912

Music—(1) "Peacemaker" (2) Waltzes "Danube Waves" -	ORCHESTRA
Invocation - - -	REV. ROBERT I. PLATTER
Music—"Chocolate Soldier" - - -	ORCHESTRA
Introduction of Speaker - -	RUSSELL GROGG, Class Pres.
Class Address - -	DR. R. B. VON KLEIN SCHMID
Music—"Intermezzo" - - - - -	ORCHESTRA
Valedictory Address - - -	JOHN A. KERNS
Presentation of Diplomas - -	SUPT. J. A. LANGSTON
Class Song - - - - - -	CLASS OF 1912
Music—"Ringold" - - - -	ORCHESTRA

LITERATVRE

Failed

Harry Wycombe's father had died when Harry was only fourteen years old. The estate had been left to Harry's mother, with the condition that Harry be given a college education along whatever line he might choose.

Ever since Harry had ridden in Dr. Dope's automobile, during his father's sickness, his ideal had been to be a doctor of medicine. He often talked to his mother and Dr. Dope about it, and as often as the opportunity presented itself he accompanied the doctor on his calls. All his thoughts and efforts were toward this end. He worked earnestly during his whole high school course and, at the age of eighteen, graduated at the head of his class.

Harry was not a "sissy boy," nor was he a coward. He indulged in all sorts of athletics and was always looked to as the leader of the high school bunch.

He spent most of the summer following his grauation in studying catalogues from medical colleges, but at last, with the doctor's aid, one was decided upon and in September Harry started to college.

Within a short time he had met nearly all of the older students and they all declared that they believed that he would make a good fellow, but he was told that he must be initiated into the "Holy Order of M. D.s". Harry sometimes felt a little bit shaky when he thought of what might be in store for him, but he had a strong will power and determined to do whatever they asked, as long as it was at all reasonable.

On the fourth Friday night after school had begun, there was a meeting of the older students called for the purpose of planning the initiation of the new students. Harry, of all the new students, had attracted the most attention and therefore was the first to be discussed, and since he was good natured and likely to become quite popular among the boys, they decided to give him a good one.

One of the boys suggested that they enter his room, quietly, some night while he was asleep and put him under the influence of an anaesthetic and without awakening him, take him to the dissecting room, remove all his clothes and bind him to the table in such a way that he could not move at all nor see himself. Then having disguised themselves in a way that he would not recognize them, they would allow him to come to his senses. His first question would probably be regarding the meaning of it all. Then they would tell him that he had died and that they were experiment on him. To make him believe that he was being cut up, they would rub icicles across different parts of his body, a thing which the proposer knew from experience, would cause very peculiar sensations. After they had tormented him in all sorts of ways, they would release him, give him a shower with ice water and send him back to bed. However this was decided to be too mild a treatment for Harry. Instead, it might do for one of the other boys. Another fellow proposed that they make him spend the night in the haunted laboratory and that they torment him in every manner possible, but this was also thought to be too mild.

At last "Big Bill" came forth with a genuine idea. Bill arose in one corner of the room, leaned his huge frame against the wall and, with smoke rolling from his corncob pipe (for he thought it was injurious to smoke any other kind) until he could scarcely be seen, began to speak. "Now listen to me, fellows," he said. "I have in mind a plan whereby we can give Harry a good breaking in and also help our business along. It is a pretty large undertaking, but we are equal to the emergency and will also have a wagon load of fun with Harry.

"There was a lady over on the north side of the city that died, yesterday, with a very peculiar disease, which baffled the doctors. The people are very poor and, being in extreme necessity, the college attempted to purchase the body, but were unable to do so. The body was not em-

balmed and will still be in a good condition to work with. She will be buried tomorrow forenoon in a little cemetery about a mile from town.

"Then tomorrow evening, about nine o'clock, we shall send Harry to the cemetery with a shovel, a lantern, and a skeleton about the size of the woman, to dig open the grave. When he gets the dirt all thrown out, which will be easily done, he shall light the lantern and hang it on a tree about a mile from the cemetery. Then we shall all go out and help him get the body out of the casket and put the skeleton in its place. We shall then fill up the grave and bring the body back for dissecting, to see if we can discover what the trouble was."

"Good," exclaimed the boys. "Three cheers for Bill's originality."

The next evening after school Harry was informed that he was that night to joint the "Holy Order of M. D.'s" and that he should be at the west laboratory at nine o'clock.

The night was dark and it was raining, but Harry still kept up his courage and was on hand at nine. He was given the necessary instructions and the prescribed articles, including the skeleton. He had worn a long, black coat to protect himself from the rain and he now set out upon his undertaking without ever asking a question or uttering a word.

The boys sat around talking and laughing about Harry for about three-quarters of an hour, when suddenly the thought seized them that perhaps Harry had gone elsewhere and would not return until morning. As a result of this thought they decided to go to the cemetery, see if Harry was performing his task and give him a little scare, by some means.

Meanwhile Harry had reached the graveyard and was laboring earnestly at his task, but he could feel his knees shake a little when he threw out a shovel full of dirt, and he could not restrain himself from taking a glance around occasionally, altho each time he saw nothing except the dim forms of the grave-stones thru the gloom of the night.

He had dug down about three feet and had pushed the shovel in full length to get a big shovel full when suddenly he heard a peculiar noise in one corner of the lot. On looking up he saw a white object, about three feet high, coming toward him with great speed. His first impulse was to drop into the hole; his second was to stop the thing and see what it might be, but he found himself unable to rise and suddenly fell backward into the hole.

The boys, who had been watching the performance away, hastened to the grave, expecting to find Harry badly scared, but they found more than they had anticipated. Harry did not answer their call, but laid in a lifeless heap in the hole with the shovel run thru the bottom of his coat. It was now their time to be scared, for they feared that they had scared him to death, knowing that such a thing was possible. They got him out of the hole, put him on the stretcher, which they had brought to carry the body back upon, and with all possible speed hastened toward town with him; leaving "Bill" and another fellow to fill up the grave and bring the skeleton home.

When they had gone about half a mile he began to move. At first they did not know what to think about it, but all at once the thought came to them that he had only fainted, and since they had carried him with his head lower than the rest of his body, he had revived. But instead of returning and finishing the undertaking, they went on back to the city and Harry joined the rest of the boys in giving "Bill" the laugh and asking him whom the joke was on, when he and his partner returned, carrying the skeleton. But "Bill" took it all good naturedly and admitted it was "one on him."

The next day Farmer Swift's goat, which he had always kept with his cows, was missing and three days later, when the husband and children of the deceased lady visited the grave-yard, they found the animal lying dead, with a tin can tied to its tail, a white cover over its back and a sack over its head. It had evidently run against a corner of the grave-stone with such momentum that it had fractured its cranium.

By the Author.

The Regeneration of Timothy

Timothy Martin, known from boyhood by the familiar appellation of "Tim," was what we would call a crank, and, worse than that, he was a bachelor. We can forgive the crank, but the bachelor—never. When young, his had been the martyrdom of ceaseless tongue-lashings on the part of a loving mother, who seemed to think it her special duty and privilege upon this earth to keep constantly in Tim's mind his unpardonable future fate for even at that early date it was prophesied that he would become one of those selfish, dangerous persons commonly designated by the name of bachelor. And so, no doubt, in order not to disappoint a trustful mother and host of knowing friends, Tim became a bachelor. Now you would not have known that Tim was a bachelor if I had not told you, for he appeared young, and least would you have taken him for a crank, if I had not taken you into my confidence to the extent of instructing you, for he was pleasant-faced and never was seen without a smile upon his face; yet he was a queer fellow, for strange though it may seem, he hated girls and babies with emphasis on the latter, and his monomania, like that of the character in Johnson's Episoene, was a hatred of noise. Thus it was he hated girls—because they were so noisy, and babies, well, because they cried.

For this reason Tim had hunted out the quietest spot in the quietest town he could find, and this town, as fate would have it, was Streeton, and had settled in a Dutch neighborhood in the town where noise was a rare treat and likewise undesirable, for well he knew the thoughtful silence and quiet deliberation of the Dutch. And Tim's surroundings were ideal for the lover of solitude. Things came and went in Tim's room in a way that spoke of anything but human agency, and the landlady, from custom, moved with no more noise than a cat, and I am sure if we had been there we would have fled the place with as much alacrity as we skirt a haunted house. Tim had been unable to live up all his father's wealth while that worthy person lived, and now that he was dead, he was still trying to do this, posthumous, so to speak, and doing a good job, too, while at the same time he was trying to convince himself that he was reading law.

Now that you have become acquainted with Tim's environment, I will undertake to describe him. Tim was of medium height and evenly proportioned. He was light complexioned, had curly hair and steel grey eyes which, together with his square jaws and determined mouth, spoke of his great energy. He was not handsome, yet by no means did he lack beauty, but there was a certain unconscious air of dignity about him that became him better than beauty. In short Tim was a person at whom we would glance twice in passing.

And so Tim lived on in the same old way, until finally something happened that was destined to change the whole course of his life. One day as Tim was walking along in deep thought, he heard a cry, a low, feeble cry, to be sure, but it was hateful noise. Tim was angry, for some one had so far infringed upon him as to invade his sacred territory with their noise; but this did not seem to effect in the least the conscientious scruples of the author of the noise, for instead of diminishing, it increased.

Looking about him, Tim saw, horrors upon horrors, that not only had he noise to contend with, but a baby. This was heaping insult upon injury, as the parrot said when they tried to learn him the American language after capturing him; but it finally dawned upon Tim that it was his place to care for it and this at least would be easy, for the baby held out its arms to him. Instead of encouraging Tim, this disconcerted him, for if the baby had shown hostility he could have allayed his anger somewhat by savagery. And so Tim approached, as he might that much dynamite, and gingerly and by the waist picked it up, and, contrary

to all the established rules for the procedure of babies on such occasions, the baby liked it, and as soon as it was righted expressed a desire to play with Tim, no doubt taking the whole thing as a huge joke, an assumption in which Tim was far from agreeing with. So Tim was proof against all its advances and in this condition of neutrality Tim soon reached his boarding house, where he turned the baby over to his landlady, a proceeding in which the baby vigorously showed his disapproval.

And thus the baby came into Tim's life, and strange indeed was the effect upon him. After freeing himself from his undesirable burden, Tim retreated to his room, where he consigned the baby to all the horrible deaths of which he could think and pictured himself calmly and with satisfaction, standing by and witnessing its death agonies. His cheerful musings and meditations ran on for nearly an hour, and each time he thought of the baby's face, for it had been pretty and winning, his denouncements became less vigorous, and when, at the end of the hour, the landlady appeared and informed him the child was asleep and was in reality an exceptionally good baby, an uncontrollable impulse seized him to go down and see it, hiding his real anticipation by frowns and dark looks, for he realized that the more he thought about the baby the better he liked it.

When Tim arrived downstairs the subject of his previous pleasant soliloquies was peacefully sleeping and looking so pretty and attractive that he felt a strange yearning at his heart and more fully realized the strange fascination the baby had cast over him. As he stood gazing at it, by what seemed a special act of a divine providence, the baby opened its eyes, and seeing Tim, held out its arms to him. Unable longer to restrain himself, Tim immediately, and to the surprise of the landlady, took it up and began playing with it, like one accustomed to such things all his life.

But of course the baby could not stay lost very long, and soon the mother appeared on the scene to claim it, for she had learned somehow what had become of it. So Tim was obliged to give it up, which he was loathe to do. Likewise the bady, for it gave its mother to understand that if Tim did not go along it would not go. And so it is we find Tim accompanying the baby home and there he met the baby's big sister and was invited to stay for dinner. This sister appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years old and she seemed to Tim the prettiest girl he had ever seen, for such had been the influence of the baby that his hatred of women was forgotten.

After dinner, by a seemingly unavoidable circumstance, (or did the girl's mother really have a headache?) Tim found himself alone with Goldie Morris, for by this time he had been introduced to them. Needless to say, the time was agreeably spent by Tim, and when finally he left for home it was not until he had promised to call again, "to see the baby." Yet, if this was his reason for further calls, why did Tim think of Goldie all the way home? Truly we Americans are a queer lot, for very often we are actuated by an altogether different impulse than that which appears on the surface.

Such was his solicitude for the baby's welfare that Tim returned in two days, but when he was met at the door by Goldie, herself, this so disconcerted him that he forgot the real purpose of his mission and would have parted in ignorance of the baby's condition if Goldie had not casually remarked, during their conversation, that the baby was well and none the worse for its little adventure.

This visit was but the beginning of many that followed, for Tim had been unable to withstand the allurement of Goldie's charms, and since the feeling between them was mutual and her parent looked upon his suit with favorable eyes, the announcement of their engagement and the date of their approaching nuptials soon appeared in the papers.

Thus was Timothy completely regenerated, his former prejudices were completely swept away. From the cloud of solitude and retirement he was brought into the sunshine of fellowship and returned love. It was as much of a regeneration in his character as was the revival of learning in the character of Literature. And a little child led him.

All Things Come to Him Who Waits

After his college course had been completed, Victor Mansden determined to spend a few months in some quiet place, where he might rest and enjoy life before he entered upon his business career.

After much deliberation, he decided to go to the dense forests of Maine, where he might hunt, fish, and become acquainted with new species of plant life.

Victor had spent but a few days in the solitude of the forest, when on one day's tramp he came to a clearing. As his guide offered no explanation of this particular spot, he resolved to investigate for himself.

The buildings were some distance away, but as he approached and observed that the rambling old farmhouse was surrounded by spacious lawns and sunny flower beds, he decided that this must be the home of the Scottish farmer about whom he had heard from another settler.

As he stood noting every detail, a light, girlish form floated across the end of the lawn. The white robe and long golden hair gave Victor the impression of having seen an angel. He immediately resolved to gain an entrance into the home and ascertain for himself if the form be human or divine.

He was met at the door by one who proved to be the Scottish farmer, who gave him a hearty welcome to share his home as long as he should stay in the community.

The Scotchman conducted Victor into a spacious living room, then went in search of his wife, whom he soon brought to the room. Mrs. MacDonald proved to be a tall, slender person, beautiful in many respects, but she wore an air of indifference and unconcern.

Victor, wishing to solve the mystery of the golden-haired beauty, inquired concerning the members of the family. His hostess then mentioned her daughter and launched out with great spirit and seemed never to tire of telling laudable things concerning this member of the household.

When supper was announced they repaired to the dining-room. They were just ready to sit down to the table when a fairy form flitted into the room, and was duly introduced by the farmer as "Joanna, our only daughter."

One glance told Victor that so beautiful a face had never met his gaze before. Yet he scarcely could have classified her beauty. Her golden tresses coiled lightly about her head, gave her a queenly dignity. But her innocent face and dark blue eyes spoke of childish simplicity. The combination was indeed a rare one.

Although the maiden said but little during the meal, Victor concluded that, except in beauty, she was far different from her mother.

The evening was spent in the pleasant drawing-room. At her father's request, Joanna sang several songs. Victor was so fascinated by her sweet voice and charming manner that he entirely forgot the old Scotchman, who leaned back in his chair and viewed the stranger with mistrust.

When the songs were ended Joanna immediately left the room. Conversation lagged and soon the rest of the party broke up for the night.

Victor went to his room—to sleep?—no, no. Midnight found him in reveries; a blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden being the only object of his thoughts. Morning found him with an intense desire of seeing her again. The same old, old story, love at first sight.

A king could not have been happier than Victor was during the next few days. Morning was spent in rambling through fields and woods with the beautiful Joanna at his side. In the afternoon nothing pleased him more than to listen to the sweet voice of the Scottish maiden. He cared little whether she sang, read, or talked.

"Just to be near; just to hear
The voice of one so dear,
Is everything to me."

Twilight hours found the youths on the banks of the silvery stream that flowed through the adjacent farm.

At last one evening, in a secluded spot, he poured out words of his intense love for her. By the light in the maiden's eyes, as she listened to the tender words that floated out like music on the still air, he knew that his love was returned.

It would have been a difficult task to find, in all Maine, a happier man than Victor Mansden that evening. But his joy was short lived.

He had been so absorbed in his own interest that he had scarcely noticed that Mr. MacDonald's manner had been less cordial of late. After breakfast on the following morning, the Scotchman expressed a desire to speak with Victor, who followed him into the library. The interview was short. The host forcibly implied that it was desired that Victor leave the house at once. All attempts to speak were fruitless. He was given his suitcase and told to depart immediately. Realizing that pleading would be useless, he slowly took his leave. At the gate he glanced back and saw Joanna pleading with her father. At the sight of her he started back to the house. Upon seeing him, the farmer angrily raised his cane and started forward. Joanna uttered a startled cry and ran forward, crying, "Go! go! It will be best. Nothing can resist father. I never will forget you and will be true to you."

With one last fond look Victor left the pleasant home, repeating those last few words again and again. He tried to crush his pain by traveling, but his thoughts, his dreams were of the Scottish maiden.

As his letters were unanswered he concluded that Joanna had forgotten him. When he heard that she was married, he settled down to a humdrum business life, trying to forget his troubles. But as he became older, the desire to see her grew more intense. He resolved to go back to the neighborhood of her childhood, just to find out, if possible, if she was well and happy.

On his way East, Mr. Mansden spent one night in the city of B——. The next morning he took a walk through one of the city parks.

In a secluded spot he met a lady; he glanced at her features, stopped, started, and as he uttered, "Joanna," she sprang to him with a cry, "Victor! Can it be?" One look convinced Victor that she had been true to him. He chided himsedf for having lost faith in one so pure.

All obstacles were now removed, so the happy couple went back to the forests of Maine to end their honeymoon in the same place it was begun.

ALL
SORTS

Seven Wonders of A. H. S.

Seniors' knowledge

Prof. Kiser's questions

Mr. Kimmel's love affairs

Prof. Kiser's flights of inspiration

Miss Armstrong's love for Ponies

Miss Bateman's examinations

Miss Mulvey's science classes

Mirth Provokers

"Always laugh when you can; it's cheaper than medicine."

Teacher—"Tommy, did I see you whispering just now?"
Tommy—"No, ma'am; your back was turned."

"These seats are for ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

"Do you think that it really hurts a man to be hit by one of Cupid's arrows?" "No; as a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."

"What are babies?"
"They are tiny ripples on the ocean."
"No, they are squalls."

"Look out, boys,
When you're spending your cash;
For one day of turkey
You'll get six days of hash."

"How is it you have managed to keep so fresh and good-looking all these years?"
"Well, I'll tell you. I've always drunk new rum and voted the Democrat ticket."
"Oh, I see how it is; one 'pizen' neutralizes the other."

Chinaman—"You tellee me where railroad depot?"
Citizen—"What's the matter John? Lost?"
Chinaman—"No! me here. Depot lost."

A boy took a position in an office where two different telephones were installed.
"Your wife would like to speak to you on the phone," he said to his employer.
"Which one?" inquired the boss.
"Please, sir, she didn't say, and I didn't know you had more than one."

A young lady went into a drug store and said to the clerk:
"I want some powder."
"Yes, ma'am," he answered, "gun, tooth, or bug?"

Teacher—"Name the Tudors."
Pupil—"Front-door and back-door."

A recent announcement by a great specialist: "When ink has been unwittingly swallowed in large quantities, administer blotting paper, rolled up in balls small enough to be swallowed with impunity."

"What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"
"An optimist sees the doughnut, but the pessimist sees only the hole."

"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said an agitated woman to a calm one. "Don't be excited, madam," replied the latter, "I've been looking for a husband for 25 years."

A thief broke into a certain printing office one night and stole all the S's. The next day when the paper went to press it faced a difficult proposition and so, to explain the queer appearance of the paper, the following notice was put on the first page:
"Th"omebody "th"ole all the "th""th" la"th"t night and "th"o the "th"u"th"criber"th" of thi"th" paper will have to get along a"th" be"th"t they can.

Nobelty Walkers Club

Motto: Show Us the Road to Shooks

Metha Shook — "Meggie" Fitch

Freeman Yeager — "Wiggles" Shook

Madge Hart — Mary Weaver

"Mother" Shugars. — "Bill" Gugerli

Studious Club

Motto: Labor Omia Wincet

Ensign: Burning Light

Ida Teeters — Paul Rodulph

Edna Long — Glen Winebrenner

Earl Pfaff — Mable Rinehold

Entire Senior Class

Cheerful Idiots Club

Motto: "Laugh and the World Laughs With You"

Metha Shook — Geo. Musser

"Boots" Sprott — Marseille Weaver

"P." "G." Farley — Helen Schaab

Helen McIntyre

Ancient Order of Flat Heads

Motto: Anything for a Change

Ensign: Hat Crushed in Middle

Freeman Yeager — Ralph Turrill

James Schaab — Jay Bunge

Frank Farley — Ralph Clark

Walter Bishop

Our A B C's

A is for Auburn,
Fair village to view,
With loving thoughts
We think of you.

B is for Botany,
Of greenstuff it treats,
Thus the requirements
Of Freshmen it meets.

C is for Chemistry,
Lab. is a dream;
Learn to turn Hydrogen Sulphide
Into ice-cream.

D is for Dust,
"Bill" Morr's delight;
The Sophs' contributions
Are out of sight.

E is for English,
Displeasing to none;
In the last exam.
We were exempt, everyone.

F is for Freshman,
Of which we believe
A fresh, green supply
Each year we receive.

G is for Geometry,
Gloomy and drear;
Being now through it
We have no more fear.

H is for History,
Taught by Prof. Kiser;
We take it before dinner
As an appetizer.

I is for Industry,
That accomplishes much;
That the High School has its share,
We all trust.

J is for Juniors,
Conceited and proud,
Whose special propensity
Is talking aloud.

K is for Kimmel,
Who teaches Geom.,
When he enters the room
There settles a calm.

L is for Latin,
With ponies galore;
Miss Armstrong got many,
But still there are more.

M is for Mulvey,
So patient and kind;
She leads us in Science
With a wonderful mind.

N is for Notes,
The scholars' delight;
When the teachers appear
They are out of sight.

O is for Order,
The teacher's ideal;
In support of this
They give many a spiel.

P is for Physics,
A science so dear,
With just enough fudge
To make it all clear.

Q is for Questions,
In exams. a fright,
But we've survived four years
And come out all right.

R is for Rats,
Artificial and real;
When girls see the first they're delighted,
The second, they squeal.

S is for Seniors,
So noble and true;
When we're gone, what will
This High School do?

T is for Thesis,
At the end of the year;
We look forward to it
With trembling and fear.

U is for Upward,
Our slogan in life;
We'll be victorious
Throughout the strife.

V, W, X, Y and Z,
The great sticking point
Of the Alphabet be.
With a wave of our hand and a graceful adieu,
We leave further rhymes
Of these letters to you.

Have You Noticed

Prof. Kiser winking?

"George" Schaab's neckties?

"Buck's" dainty blushes?

The Junior boys making hits with the Senior girls?

Ralph Turrill making eyes at Edna S.?

Forest Kessler's popularity?

Mabel Clark's piety?

Jean Potter's stick-to-it-iveness?

Earl Pfaff's bashfulness?

Nellie Ashelman's diamond?

"Fat" Beidler wheeling a baby-cab?

Bert Swigert going to Waterloo?

Ben Shook's pompadour?

Racing of Juniors with tardy bell?

That Junior Glee Club?

Sophs Athletics?

Jokes—All High School

Miss Mulvey (to Freeman Y.)—"What difference does it make whether they use tin or silver on the backs of mirrors?"

Freeman—"They don't reflect so well with tin."

Miss M.—"Oh, then, you mean you don't look so beautiful."

Mr. Kiser (in Soph. History)—"Wilbur Dilgard, what did the Romans do with their slaves?"

Wilbur—"Crucified them."

Mr. K.—"What did they do that for?"

Wilbur—"To kill them, I suppose."

Mr. Kimmel (to the Freshmen)—"It is said that in the Colorado Canyon a whisper can be heard for three miles. My, I wish that were the case here!"

Helen Schaab (to George Eckhart, who was pulling her hair)—"Let go! You might burn your fingers."

We wonder why Bruce W. and Ralph B. received a half day's lay-off.

Mr. Kiser—"Earl, did you recite yesterday"

Earl Pfaff—"Well, I don't know whether I recited or not, but I talked."

Mr. Kiser—"John, what is the difference between an administrator and an administratrix?"

John—"The latter is more than one."

Some of Prof. Kiser's favorite sayings:

"Ellen Wheeler Wilcox says something about that."

"Now, a daily news almanac would tell."

"A wise old owl sat on an oak.
The more he heard the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't some of you be like this bird?"

During a committe meetiing at the Library, Madge Hart greatly excited the janitor, librarian, etc., by turning on the vacuum cleaner, thinking she was turning on the lights. The janitor thought the world was coming to an end judging by the noise and shaking of the building .

Madge H.—"Say, Marguerette, isn't corn and timothy the same thing?"

Madge H.—(Monday morning.)—"Gladys, why do you suppose my face is broken out each Monday morning?"

A good remedy would be to have Walter S. get shaved.

Prof. Kiser told the Soph. that when a girl was in love you could tell it by the appearance of the front cover of her books.

Several Soph. girls became suddenly interested in the binding of their books.

Karl Hoff, in history, gets the expressions "Breach of Peace" and "Breach of Promise" badly mixed. We can't help but wonder if he is thinking of cancelling his last engagement.

Miss Mulvey's frequent request, "And now who gave you permission to whisper?" and "Where are my keys?" will not soon be forgotten by the H. S.

Mr. Kiser, talking to Seniors about boards of trade.—"Miss Gladys, can I buy 1,000 bushels of wheat of you? Would the action be right?"

Gladys.—"Yes sir, I think so."

Mr. Kiser.—"Well, LeeRoy, what's the matter?"

LeeRoy.—"That's gambling."

Mr. Kiser.—"What, do you mean Gladys and I are gambling? Why, Miss Gladys, I never thought it of you."

Mr. Kiser and Marie B. disagree on the "System" of things.

Mr. Kiser.—"Well, if that's the way you expect to keep house it's all off with us."

Miss Mulvey to physic class.—"I didn't think any of those Geissler Tubes were broken, but I knew one of them was."

Miss Mulvey.—"I believe I'll let one of the girls explain this. John Kerns, you may try it."

Prof. Kimmel's daily address to the Juniors: "Now, the Freshmen never could see that."

Mr. Kiser (in Junior History, after Arden G. has tried to recite on the marriages of Henry XIII)—"It's plain to be seen Arden's long suite is not matrimony." (Esther blushes.)

Charles Thornburg (to Mr. Kimmel on a dark day)—"Will you please turn on the lights?"

Mr. K.—"Why, Charles, are you afraid in the dark?"

Mr. Kiser (to Gladys G. in History)—"A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still."

Mr. Kiser (in History, speaking of politics and Henry Clay)—"Gladys, do you believe in compromises?"

Gladys Grimm—"Yes, sir."

Mr. K.—"Why, Gladys, would you compromise with the devil?"

Gladys—"He isn't in politics."

Mr. K.—"I thought he was in everything, at least all the things I know about."

Mr. Kimmel, in Jr. Geometry, asks Edna S. a question. Ralph T. turns around and looks in her direct'on. Edna still hesitates)—"No, Edna, answer, but don't look at Ralph."

Mr. Kiser makes a confession. "When the word 'glass' is said, I think of wine."

Miss Mulvey—"What is one of the ways people cure tuberculosis?"

Ralph Tarney—"Put 'em in cold storage."

Mr. Kiser asks Ethelyn R. a question and she gives her usual reply, "It's so, but I don't know why."

Mr. K.—"I don't know why I love you, but I do."

Ethelyn R.—Say, Gladys, we must quit our whispering, 'cause Mr. Kiser had to squeeze me awful hard to get me thro' in deportment this month."

Miss Bateman—"George, what does prodigy mean?"

George Eckhart—"A school teacher."

Mr. Kimmel—"Who's making that noise? George, is it you?"

George Musser—"No, sir; it's the seat."

Isn't it wonderful how congen'al the Freshmen boys are to their girls?

Huffie took some tumble in recitat'on room. If you don't believe it, look at the chair.

Miss Jeffrey—"George, have you no music?"

George Musser—"No, but I'm singing."

Miss J.—"How's that?"

George—"Oh, we've had this so long I know it by heart."

John Kerns, by mistake, picked up the American Dressmaker, but became so interested that he almost mis't a committee meeting.

Walter B. makes a horrible noise. Mr. Kiser, "You had better see a veterinary."

Mary Weaver has several blots on her paper. Kiser tells her they might mean kisses. A little later Mr. Kiser notices more blots. "Well, Mary, I'm getting more than my share this time, am I not?"

Mr. Kimmel (in Jr. Geom.)—"Let's look at the girls' work next. Clifton, I believe you have the first in this list."

Over his books the unwise Freshman
  Beginning doubtful and far away,
First brings no concentration to command,
  But thinks of socials, girls and play.
Then at the thoughts of tomorrow's failure,
  Nearer he draws his books;
Forgets his dress suit and the tailor
  And to his lessons directs his looks.

Mr. Kiser to Walter B., "You'd forget your head if it wasn't fast to you."

It seems that Mr. Kiser's favorite game is wink, especially when Meggie Fitch plays.

Can any one explain why two people starting from the same place at almost the same time and going to the same place, should choose such different routes as, for instance, did Miss Armstrong and Mr. Kimmel?

If you want to interest Miss Armstrong, talk about doctors, health officers and the like.

For refreshment Mr. Kiser sometimes sits with Metha Shook; for recreation, he teases Mary W.

Miss Bateman (in Eng.)—"Is that story original?"
Lucile H.—"No, I just made it up."

"A looking-glass is a woman's confessional," especially Lula Heitz's.

Don't worry about the kisses you couldn't get; they probably had germs in them, anyway.

Russel Grogg's favorite saying, "I'm authority on all things."

SHUGER'S VERSE.

One hour in the day to study,
  One hour in which to eat;
Two hours to think how tired I am,
  And twenty hours to sleep.

Karl Hoff—"Is that our test?"
Miss M.—"Yes."
Karl—"It looks to me like a young exam."

Charles Thornburg, "In the hall there is a picture on a horse of Washington."

Kirby Sprott—"Do they use lunar caustic on your face in a barber shop?"
Miss Mulvey—"I'm sure I don't know."

Albert DeLapp, visiting school and sitting with Karl, both chewing gum. Mr. Kiser—"Karl, will you please remove the gum." De. gets very red and does likewise.

April first Mr. Langston tries to ring the bell, but gets April fooled.

Miss Jeffrey, "Anything round is always curved."

Prof.—"Is a miss as good as a mile?"
"Yes, and a good deal better, for you can kiss a miss, when you couldn't kiss a mile."

"What do you think of Wilbur W.?"
"He is like a river."
"How's that?"
"The biggest part of him is his mouth."

Miss Bateman (desiring to know the subject of one of Howard's compositions, said)—"What did you write on?"
Howard—"Theme paper."

"I am a little lad of eight. My mother is married again and I have a stepfather, therefore I am a step-ladder."

Miss Mulvey—"Did you ever think anything warm, only to find it cold?"

John Kerns—"Yes, a certain girl's love for me."

Mr. Kiser—Auburn Jct. isn't a town, is it?"

Seniors—"No.

Mr. K.—"I thought it was just nothing."

Marie Thomas, "They killed the inhabitants and sold them into slavery."

Mr. Kimmel calls on the royal members of the Juniors in Algebra class in the following manner: "William and Mary I; James VI; Edward VII."

A shave Sunday, and not Saturday night.

Miss Mulvey—"You will have to talk plainer than that. I don't know anything about this."

Senior—"I don't either."

SWEIGERT'S VERSE.

I love its gentle warble,
  I love its gentle flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
  I love to hear it go.

"Dutch" Croy was favored by being asked to sit near Miss Mulvey in physics one day.

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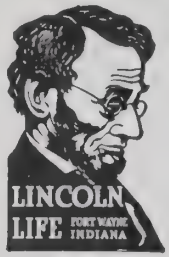

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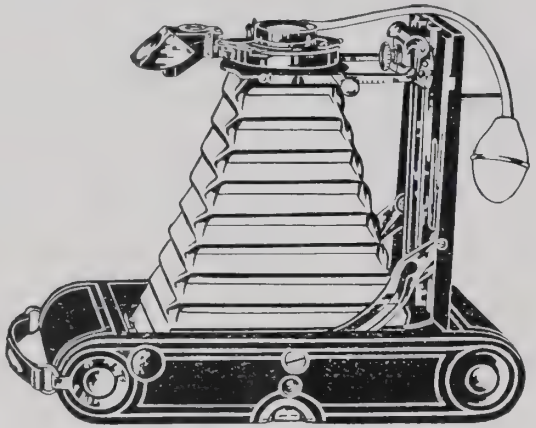

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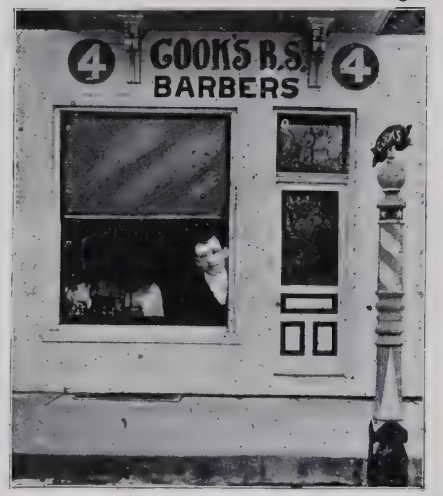

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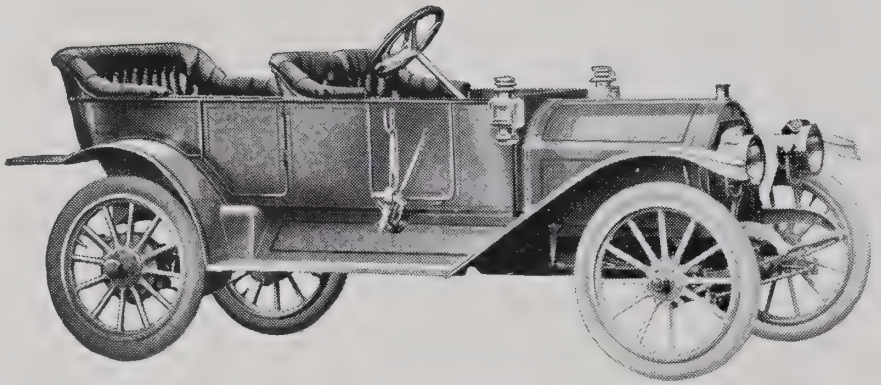

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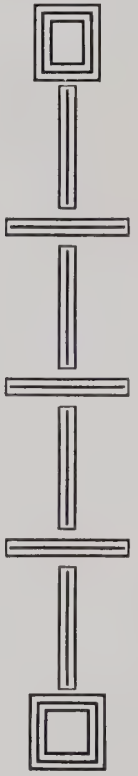

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